

A

M O B in the P I T.

[Price One Shilling.]



A

MOB in the PIT:

K OR,

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

The D--ch--fs of A-----LL.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for S. BLADON, in PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCLXXIII.

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THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON:
Printed for E. BLADON, in WATER-LOO-STREET, ROYAL

MDCCLXXXIII

M O B in the P I T.

AT length the mighty day is come—the day,
Not when our BRITISH ROSCIUS shall display
The woes unparallel'd of frantic *Lear*,
And force from Pity's eye the gen'rous tear;

From

Not

Not when the Comic Muse, with BARRY's grace,

Bewitching smile, and captivating face,

Shall lead admiring thousands in her train,

And her lost Empire o'er the World regain :

But (Mortals! mark---) when *Heinel*, bribed from France

By Macaronis, dying for a dance ;

When *Heinel*, trusting to superior charms,

Shall strut, and flourish with her Legs and Arms ;

The crouds that throng, this Phoenix to behold,

Widows, and wives, and virgins—young, and old,

Of every sex, condition, and degree,

From w---s profess'd, to W---s of Quality ;

From

From celebrated *Harriet*, *S---f---th's* boast,
 To brazen *L^{12 onie}-----r*, the Jockey's toast;
 From batter'd *H^{arrington}-----n*, and blasted *V^{age}-----e*,
 To every tatter'd drab of Drury-Lane:
 These, and their numbers, who, and where they dwell,
 How shall a Verse like mine presume to tell?
 Sudden in all this bustle, noise, and din,
A⁷⁴-----ll's puissant *Duchess* marches in;
 Her Daughter, *Lady Betty*, follows near;
 And lovely, modest *Carlisle*, graced the rear.
 The *Duchess*, for the night her plan design'd,
 Had sweetly settled matters to her mind;

And,

And, bent for once to be completely odd,
 In a most whimsical, unguarded mood,
 Parts with her Box, to try if she can fit
 With vulgar Souls, and mob it in the Pit.
 But mortify'd, alas! and stung with pride,
 That place to her high Greatness was denied;
 All madness, fire, and rage, up stairs she flew;
 Quick posted to her box, and full to view
 The haughty *H-----*, above disguise,
 Darts spleen and fury from malignant eyes;
 Insists upon her box---'twas hers---and they
 Who dar'd to sit there, had no right to stay.

The trembling *Paget*, conscious that her claim
 Was fair, endeavours to convince the Dame ;
 With mildness each particular reveals,
 And for the truth to *Heinel's* self appeals.
Heinel, all tears, distracted, wild, and pale,
 Deposits to the truth of *Paget's* tale.
 Nothing would serve---with insolent disdain
 She tofs'd and flounc'd, and flounc'd and tofs'd again,
 Till *Paget* finds herself constrain'd to yield,
 And leave thee, Duchess, mistress of the field!
 Yet must I thank thee still---To crown the whole,
 In very pliability of soul,

The conquest gain'd, most wonderfully kind,
 You sent the Ladies word, "*There's room behind.*"
 And now, dread Something, that my thought can frame,
 But which in language never had a name ;
 Thou self-created Creature, that look'ft down
 On us with supercilious, faucy frown,
 And think'ft this Earth was made for thee alone ;
 If, (for to thee no false respect I plead)
 When Conscience touches thee, thou chance to read
 A true description in these doggrel rhimes,
 Spare all reproach on the licentious times :
 Tax not the times, severe and hard to you—
 —They hold a faithful mirror to your view.

Such has thy conduct been—reflect, and say,

Is it not justice boldly to convey

The story to the public ear, and show

To all the world, what all the world should know,

Tho' lifted, by the Beauty of a face,

From vile Plebeian to Patrician race,

That, spite of Titles, Dignity, and Fame,

The paltry Breed of *G—nnⁱⁿgs* is the same?

5 (7)

Such has thy conduct been—reflected, and say,

Is it not justice boldly to convey

The story to the public ear, and show

To all the world, what all the world should know,

Thou, lifted, by the Power of a face,



From vile Plebeian to Patrician race,

That, spite of Titles, Dignity, and Fame,

The gaily Bred of G—w—r is the same?